15 January 69

Dear Harold:

I received Farewell America a few days ago. The press of other matters kept me from reading it immediately, but by now I have finished it, and I am convinced that you are right in thinking that the book is a put-on. It is immensely padded wit a lot of interesting but irrelevant material. The part dealing xxxx specificly with the assassination is brief, consisting mostly of undocumented assertions and an uninformed rehash of stuff that has already been published. Even that is not done well. Hepburn seems to want to put the blame on the dead (Oswald, Ruby, Ferrie, Banister, Ward, et al) or the near-dead (Hunt), or the expendable (Cohn). The CIA was very gently rapped-- involvement acknowledged only as much as absolutely necessary.

The best that you can say of it is that it was written by a hack who knows the subject poorly-- or knows it all too well, and disguises his knowledge poorly.

He avoids asking the most important questions: Did Oswald do any of the shooting? (I think that if "they" are going to let us have a conspiracy, they will require that we keep Oswald as one of the riflemen; otherwise they cannot explain the existance of all that manufactured evidence) What was the role of J.D. Tippit?(Frankly, I think Tippit will prove to be a major key in the solution to this. That is only a guess, of course, based mostly on the xxx pains that the Commission took to conceal knowledge of his background. They never even give his full name, which is in itself a minor, though suggestive, revelation. I understand that J.D. stands for Jefferson Davis!)

If I had read the book without receiving Sprague's information, I think that I would have immediately rejected it as the work of an ill-informed hack. If I had read it in the light of Sprague's information, I think that I would have been terribly confused by it. But in the light of your warning, it is clear enough that the piece is not nearly what Sprague thinks it is.

I noticed a few demonstrable errors of substance, although the general blundering of the book is most conspicuous for what it omits: e.g., a footnote explaining that CIA man Gary Underhill xxxx told friends that he knew who killed JFK, and that subsequently Underhill himself was killed. That's fine, but the rest of what Penn Jones says about Underhill's remarks is missing-- that the murder was arranged by a group within the CIA. The footnote derives from Jones' account, without attribution. I am not entirely certain that no shots xxx were fired from "Oswald's" window, although the Dillard photo makes me lean strongly that way. I am ~~fairly~~ almost certain, however, that the business about the Stemmons Freeway Sign being removed because it was pierced by a bullet is not true. Some of the newspapers that I have on microfilm show that sign in place during the few days after the assassination. Unless it was replaced*, and not merely removed*, they took a dangerously long time to get around to it.

There are other things, too, although I have not gone over the account in great detail.

According to Hepburn, the only hero among the critics of the WR is Mark Lane; all the rest, all the rest, are hacks. Christ Almighty!

I think that the version that was published in Bild am Sonntag differs in some perhaps important respects from the English. I shall try to get hold of it and make a comparison; it might reveal something about what they are up to.

* I don't see how this is possible. The sign in the newspaper photos is identical to the one that was there on 22 November, and there would not have been time to manufacture a new sign exactly like the old. The sign was in its proper place

Enclosed is the addressing lable on the package that contained the book. It is a minor puzzlement in itself, for the stamps are not cancelled, and bear no evidence that it passed throught the mail from Montreal to Kingston. The rest of the package had no marks on it. I called the posting office here at the University to learn if perhaps the package had been delivered by hand rather than received with the incomming mail, but no one there was able to remember; the quantity of mail that they receive is quite large, and no one would have taken notice.

On the lable I have written the date when I received it.

Anyway, I stand four square with you in your attitude toward this monster (I don't know what else to call it). I can well undertand why Salandria blew up over it; that was, as you say, an unfortunate response, but perfectly human. Nevertheless, I assure you that I shall not loose my head over it if Lamarre contacts me. I'll continue to treat the matter as though I were willing to believe the story about French intelligence that Sprague gave me.

It occurred to me that if you ever desired to mail me anything that you are afraid might be intercepted, I should give you a "safe" alternate address. I feel somewhat awkward acting like Superagent, but occasionally these matters seem to require it, and that may be especially necessary if the Cubans get around to passing us information, for I am sure that Bretòn will want to keep his involvment very, very quiet.

So if you want to send me material surruptitiously, use this address:

Mr. Gerry Tulchinsky
78 Regent Street
Kingston, Ontario

Gerry is a trusted friend, though not a "buff", and he will immediately let me know if he receives stuff for me. Insert an envelope within an envelope, and indicate that the inserted material is for me. Gerry will not open it.

Today I again wrote to Bretòn and asked whether I could reasonably expect their help. I don't know what is going on up there; it may be that he is waiting for word from his government. Even that information would satisfy me, for I am getting impatient.

I hope that my brother's background and hostility toward Castro does not unfavorably influence their decision. I thought it best to be perfectly candid about that, for now they <u>might</u> co-operate. If I had lied about Tony, or failed to mention his association with Cuba, and they found out on their own (as they surely would, with a bare minimum of checking), then definitely we would not get their help. I am sure that I did right in that regard.

If Bretòn wants more than my word that I do not intend to cause his government to suffer detriment, then I am stuck, for I have nothing more to give him. Well, lets see how it works with what he already has, and not make up problems before they occur. This path is already immensely crowded with them.

Still,

Bernabei